

SINGERS AND THEIR ART

THE CONCEPTION OF THE IDEAL TONE.

A Conception Which Most Opera Singers In Their Search After Great Volume Never Find—Melba and Her Art—Emma Trentini Can Sing When She Will—Mr. Richard Martin's Promise.

A man named Taylor has started once more the interminable discussion about the reaching of the art of singing. He has written a book called "The Psychology of Singing," in which he begins by noting that every one is wrong. That is to say, every one now living is wrong. The dead singers who used to occupy themselves with turning out such singers as Testi, Paulina, Caffarelli, Farinelli and Senesino were perfectly right, and the reason they were right was that they did not concern the attention of their pupils on the vocal mechanism, but on the idealization of tone.

Mr. Taylor is going to have a very pleasant time. He will hear of things to his disadvantage from the inventor of the "umbrella method" and from other inventors of equally valuable short roads to correct tone production. He will be called "villain" and other pet names by singing teachers who confound their pupils with directions as to how to operate their vocal organs and their epiglottides and their palates. Nevertheless, some people are going to sit up and take notice of what he has written, and it will do them good.

It would do many opera singers good if they would take to heart Mr. Taylor's thoughts on the office of the aesthetic thought in conceiving the beautiful tone. One of the most lamentable deficiencies of to-day's singing is the absence of a high ideal of tone. The majority of singers are seeking not quality but quantity. They desire to overpower, not move their hearers, and for the eager ear to accomplish this entirely worthless and we are chiefly indebted to the salves of applause which ring through the opera houses when any singer emits an enormous sound, particularly if at the same time it is of high pitch. As touching this topic a recent letter to this writer seems at this point to be pertinent.

A few days ago THE SUN had occasion to note a lapse of memory on the part of Maria Labia while she was singing the role of Santuzza at the Manhattan. At the same time mention was made of the fact that she had deliberately altered one or two phrases for the convenience of her voice. Apropos of this matter comes a somewhat heated letter from a music lover whose name seems to have a familiar sound. Thus he writes:

What? The alterations in Mme. Labia's Santuzza are due to lapse of memory? No, sir. She often declaims before me. I have heard her voice sing Santuzza as written by Mascagni. Here is why this great dramatic soprano never sang in Italy except in concert. When we dug out to see actresses we go to see Duse, Di Lorenzo, Mimi Angeli, etc.; when we want to see beautiful women and less in sight we go to the vaudeville. But when we go to the opera, we want to hear, first of all, voice and voice. Other gifts are subordinate to that.

Please learn this: We do not call dramatic singers—indeed very few if any at present—who have voices to cope the dramatic situation created by the composer. We do not call dramatic sopranos singers who can declaim and act well. That's the question. Please excuse my English because I am a dago. G. BALDASSARINI.

This is one of the frankest and most useful observations of the operatic faith of the Italians of this city that has ever been given by any one. Voice, voice, voice, and everything else subordinate to that. Indeed that is true. That explains why the exquisite vocal art of Bonini is wasted on his compatriots. He cannot make sound enough to please them. They would rather hear the reverberations of Mr. Zenatello's hard unsympathetic tones, because they are bigger and more brilliant.

What makes the enthusiasm of the railbirds at the Metropolitan when Caruso sings? Is it a fine perception of the perfect pose of his moderate, the effortless projection of the pure and vital tone of the middle register, or the "dramatic intensity" which for these hearers comes only with a vocal tour de force?

This is a matter that leaves little or no room for discussion. When Mr. Baldassarini laments the failure of Miss Labia's voice to meet the dramatic situation designed by a composer he clearly means that the soprano cannot construct a crescendo of huge proportions; that, in plain English, she cannot scream loudly enough to penetrate to the marrow of a true Italian appreciation.

As to her rank in Italy, that is a matter which need not be discussed here. Possibility some of the younger Italians in this city will live long enough to learn that the rank of singers in their native land does not concern us. American artistic opinion is not manufactured in Italy, and it is by American opinion that these singers will have to be judged here. Not all the shoutings of the old guard behind the rail can make us believe a singer to be an artist when we know we are hearing nothing but voice, voice, voice.

Meanwhile this particular observer of musical doings begs leave to assure Mr. Baldassarini that Maria Labia would without doubt be found a highly acceptable singer in Italy, for dramatic sopranos even of the type he describes are extremely scarce there at the present time. It seems a great pity that Italians, with their lamentable prejudices against singers of other nationalities, should also be dissatisfied with one of their own people; simply because she cannot make a tone sufficiently piercing.

The impressionist reader is respectfully requested not to construe these remarks as the proclamation of an opinion that Labia is a greater singer than Melba. The Australian prima donna is in the late summer of her glory, and she is still, as she always has been, a model for young students of vocal technique. In the first place, Mme. Melba never screams. She never tries to force her voice to produce notes not given to it by nature. She sings always within her limits and that is one reason why her tones are so rich, so smooth, so mellow.

It would be worth much time and money to a host of the young singers of this town if they would take one lesson a week by simply listening to Melba. This woman has an ideal conception of tone. She is seeking all the time for a pure, velvety, luscious quality—not for a huge volume. Secondly, she makes her exquisitely conceived tone carry by the rational process of focussing it correctly and floating it out to her hearers on the surface of a thin, steady, solid column of breath.

Gentle reader, did you ever nurse a particularly succulent piece of candy

between the tip of your tongue and the hard roof of your mouth? Yes? Well, the next time you are listening to those succulent tones of Melba just think of them as vocal candy and of her as nursing them in that manner. This will come pretty near to indicating to you the spot where she focuses those wonderful tones.

Of course she does not think about that. What she thinks about is the quality. Her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in that quality till it became automatic with her. Now it comes in answer to her demand for a vehicle for the communication of her musical thought. That's the way a woman like Melba sings. She is not worrying about the operations of her palate or the back of her tongue.

If Mme. Trentini had ever in her interesting life cherished a high ideal of tone, nothing under the canopy could have induced her to retain in her scale those pallid baby sounds which she is in the habit of producing in her lower range, especially in recitative. If she had ever had a high ideal of tone she would not have fallen into the habit of making violent transitions from her lower infant tones to full and sometimes forced tones in the upper middle register. Lovers of beauty in singing are startled and disappointed by such vocal tricks, although they inevitably gain the applause of those highly intelligent listeners who worship voice, voice and voice. The value of their applause may be measured by the fidelity with which they have clung to their idol of last season.

What is the matter with Geraldine Farrar? It is said that her health is far from good and that the defects in her singing this season are due to her want of physical power to support tones. This is what the ignorant might call nonsense. If Miss Farrar is in poor health and suffering from physical weakness she can support short and moderate tones perfectly, but perhaps not long and large ones. When she becomes tired, when her small stock of physical strength is exhausted, she will have either to cut her phrases or to sag from the pitch. But it is not inevitable that this must happen from the moment she appears on the stage. The truth is that in the last recent performance of "Carmen" Miss Farrar sang with sufficient power, but she did not sing her intervals correctly.

The true cause of Miss Farrar's faults are two. One is that she is an unjust conception of the quality of her voice. The other is that this young woman has sought instead of mellowness, liquidity and perfect pose. But this writer is not disposed to lay much stress on Miss Farrar's shortcomings this season, for the excellent reason that she is not enjoying artistic repose. Among the other jarring elements in the present disturbed state of the Metropolitan Opera House caustic remarks upon the singing of some of the artists by the musical director are not the least. Miss Farrar is said to have been a mark of special consideration.

Richard Martin is the name of a young American tenor in the Metropolitan Opera house company. When he made his first appearance here every one was pleased with his voice, for it is a real tenor and of excellent quality. But Mr. Martin speedily disclosed the fact that he had enjoyed very little stage experience, and furthermore that he had almost no vocal resource.

This season he has had opportunity to show that he has been making progress. Owing to the failure of the amusing Quartet Mr. Martin was called upon to study the role of Cavaradossi in "Tosca" in a few days. He mastered the music, but it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that he would sing it in a cold and perfunctory style. It was therefore an agreeable surprise last Saturday night to find that he had discovered his tenor talent. To be sure it is not a big temperament, but it is a lot better than none at all.

In the air beginning with the recitative "E lucevan le stelle" in Act III, Mr. Martin routed his audience to enthusiasm, and he did it by the legitimate expression. The secret of this achievement lay in the simple fact that he had acquired sufficient freedom of voice to lay aside restrictive circumspection in the delivery of tones and abandon himself to the sentiment of the scene. That one piece of singing gave promise for young Mr. Martin's future. There is hope for his ultimate success.

Mr. Hammerstein deserves gratitude for introducing to this public a tenor who possesses a lovely voice and a good ideal of tone. This is Mr. Constantino. He is a typical Italian tenor of the lyric variety, and his emotional flights are not lofty, but there is so much excellence in his tones that he is certain to become a favorite with the Manhattan audiences.

The shrewd Manhattan impresario has not been so successful in introducing such singers as Mme. Doria and Mme. Marietta Aldrich. But the latter of these is suffering chiefly from inexperience. What she will eventually be cannot now be foretold. The highest development of the artist is the result of long self-study and criticism. What a singer can do, but seldom is willing to do, was demonstrated last week by Emma Trentini. When she sang *Musetta* she shrieked through the entire second act and transformed the little Bohemian into a musical as well as a temperamental cat. This is quite unnecessary. The impersonation of a vixen does not demand vixenish singing. Miss Trentini almost persuaded some of her hearers that this was her only way of singing, whereas on Wednesday night she proved that it was not.

On that evening she sang *Antonia* in the final act of "Fenella." *Antonia* is a role requiring sympathetic tone and fluent delivery. A hard or dark tone would so alter the expressional character of the music as to render null the most intelligent effort at interpretation—as the word is usually understood. Miss Trentini displayed a certain musical instinct in her treatment of the part, for she sang without forcing her tones and with an unusually mellow timbre.

It may be doubted whether this achievement was so much the result of artistic conception as of a certain natural dramatic instinct. That it worked for good in the impersonation is just now the point. It is equally worth noting that what Miss Trentini did from instinct can be done by an accomplished singer from intention.

Once a singer has acquired a perfect pose of tone, or, as it is commonly worded, has got the voice correctly placed, she can sing her tones in any way she chooses. If she needs a white tone she can produce it. If she needs a dark tone it is hers at will. A singer who cannot color her tones loses invaluable aid in the field of dramatic interpretation.

Singers are sometimes discouraged by the failure of the public to appreciate the delicacies of their art. But the public is not as exacting and as will be. The few who perceive the excellences of the art of the singer rejoice at every evidence of insight into their mysteries. The

general public enjoys only the total result. Ninety times out of ninety one lays down faults in singing to the natural character of the organ, and when the singing is beautiful it exclaims, "Oh, what a beautiful voice!"

This, however, is a matter about which the singer need not concern himself. Was it not a tremendous triumph for Jean de Reszke with a voice of moderate beauty to convince the world that he was its greatest tenor? That indeed was a conquest of high art which every young singer might well yearn to emulate.

W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The programme for the coming week at the Manhattan Opera House is as follows: Monday, "The Tales of Hoffman," with the same cast as last week. Wednesday, "La Bohème," with Mme. Melba as Mimì and the remainder of the cast as before. Friday evening, first performance at the Manhattan of Verdi's "Otello" with Zenoletto as the Moor, Mme. Melba as Desdemona and Sammarco as Iago. Saturday afternoon, "Lucia," with Mme. Trentini as the heroine and Constantino as Don Alvaro. Sunday afternoon, "Ranuccio di Salicruta," with Mme. Gerville-Reache, Messrs. Dalmore, Dufresne and Crabbe.

The announcements for the coming week at the Metropolitan Opera House are these: Monday, "Il Trovatore," with Messrs. Eames and Homer, Messrs. Caruso, Amato and Winterspoon. Wednesday, "Tristan and Isolde," with Messrs. Fremstad and Homer, Messrs. Schmalzer, Felsch and Blass. Thursday, "Alba," with Messrs. Eames and Fishard (debut), Messrs. Caruso, Amato and Sidor. Friday, "L'Elle d'Amore," with Mme. Sembrich, Messrs. Bouché, Caruso and Campanari. Saturday afternoon, "Tiefland," with its regular cast.

Micha Elman, the brilliant young Russian violinist, will appear at the concert at the Manhattan Opera House on Tuesday.

Jacob Massell, tenor, and Victoria Boskio, pianist, will give a joint recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday night, December 23.

The People's Choral Union and the orchestra of the Music School Settlement will give a concert at Carnegie Hall on Sunday evening, January 3.

Isadora Duncan will dance good-bye at the Metropolitan Opera House on the afternoon of December 22, 1904, at Carnegie Lyceum, when specimens of Sephardic and Ashkenazic music from the Jewish settlement will be given. The Jewish folk songs which have been arranged for the society by Max Spicker. The synagogue music will be rendered by the Cantors' Association.

The third subscription concert of the Russian Symphony Society, under the direction of M. A. Altschuler, will be given Thursday evening, December 23, at Carnegie Lyceum. The program will include the symphony in D major, by Tchaikovsky, the symphony in E-flat major, by Brahms, and the symphony in D major, by Beethoven. The first of these symphonies is from "Siegfried," and includes the music descriptive of Siegfried's ascent of the mountain and his death. The second symphony is from "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Altschuler calls this "The Magic of St. John's Eve," when the order of the elder blossoms, and other magical of the night sets the scene. The third symphony is from "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Altschuler calls this "The Magic of St. John's Eve," when the order of the elder blossoms, and other magical of the night sets the scene.

Among the dramatic and musical attractions during the holidays will be the joint appearance at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 2, of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, and of the Ben Heppner Quartet, consisting of Ben Heppner, Josephine Heppner, Dr. Josephine Heppner, and Dr. Josephine Heppner. The players will give a performance of the Shakespearean play and the orchestra will perform all of Mendelssohn's musical setting. Besides Ben Heppner's quartet, a chamber orchestra will be given, consisting of Ben Heppner, Josephine Heppner, Dr. Josephine Heppner, and Dr. Josephine Heppner. The players will give a performance of the Shakespearean play and the orchestra will perform all of Mendelssohn's musical setting.

Considerable interest attaches to the piano-forte recital which Osep Gabriowitch, the Russian, will give at Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon, January 10. Gabriowitch is a former pupil of the late Russian pianist, Paganini, and he is making his New York following a large one and his recital programme is bound to attract an interested and interesting audience. The pianist will play compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Gluck, Brahms, Henselt and Liszt, while one of his own compositions—"Melodie," in E minor, op. 8—will likewise be a feature.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler will make her last appearance in New York, prior to her coming European tour, at Herman Klein's concert to day (Monday), December 20, at Carnegie Hall. Her part in a Beethoven selection, including the solo sonata, op. 31, and two movements of the "Kreutzer" sonata (with Otto Meyer). Mrs. Zeisler will play an extensive group of Chopin pieces.

The Oratorio Society will introduce two new singers, each an exemplar of the English tradition in oratorio work, at its Christmas festival performance of "The Messiah" at Carnegie Hall, Saturday evening, December 23. The newcomers will be Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, contralto, and Dalton Baker, baritone, and the quartet of soloists will be comprised by Mrs. Corbitt, Miss Lonsdale, soprano, and George Hamilton, tenor, whose artistic singing is well known to New York audiences. Both Miss Lonsdale and Mr. Baker have been especially engaged for these "Messiah" concerts, the seventh and eighth of the series of the Oratorio Society's history. Miss Lonsdale has sung in all the British cities of importance and was a soloist with the Yorkshire Chorus during the organization's successful tour through Germany a few years ago, when "The Messiah" was sung by the enthusiastic English voices made a deep impression upon audiences and reviewers.

The contralto was especially praised for her singing of "The Messiah" and her performance of the "Kreutzer" sonata, came to this country to sing at the last Cincinnati festival, where he won favorable opinions.

A Contagious Idea.

From the Outlook.

A teller who was detailed to the woman's window in a bank was asked by a German housewife for a new envelope for her bank book. The lady behind her, noting that her own envelope was a trifle dirty, asked also for a fresh envelope. No. 3 said "Me too," and was the same effect, and so it went down the line.

When his patience and his stock of envelopes threatened to give out the teller determined to call a halt. A fastidiously dressed lady appeared at the window holding out a perfect envelope.

"I should like one too, please," said she. "One what, madam?" asked the teller. The lady flushed and began to look comical. "Why," she stammered, "what the other ladies had."

MME. LABIA TALKS OF HER ART

SINGER BY INHERITANCE, SAYS THE ITALIAN ARTIST.

Glad That She Made Her American Debut at the Manhattan Instead of the Metropolitan—Doesn't Intend to Try Wagner—Roles She Has Yet to Sing.

To the troubled world of opera enters Mme. Labia, who is representative of both the German and Italian fields, because she was born in Italy but came to the operatic stage by way of Germany. She sang in the language of her audiences when she appeared in Berlin, and in that respect was unlike most of the Italian singers who had preceded her. She was unlike them also in that she was a beginner, and that explains why she felt it necessary to learn a tongue so difficult.

Into the drawing room of her suite in one of the hotels forming the valley of skyscrapers in West Forty-seventh street, Mme. Labia came the other morning. It was only a few minutes after 11, but a long, yellow velvet train swept behind her; her arms were bare and only a fuscine belt held her neck. The fierce light of December morning did not hurt her eyes, but it did not damage the uncommon attractiveness of the young woman who stepped into view in such an unconventional garb. Her mother, bustling about the room in a morning wrapper, did not make the elements of the scene any more harmonious. What could the mystery be? Is it the habit of youthful descendants of Venetians to receive guests with such formality even in the morning? Was Mme. Labia going to pose for her portrait?

What did it mean, anyhow? Mother bustled in behind the prima donna, solicitously watching the trimming on the dress. Two pieces of gold embroidery passed around each sleeve and formed a bolero trimming behind and in front. The design seemed to fascinate the maternal lady. Her eyes lit up, and she glanced at her daughter, who was looking down occasionally, but otherwise sat holding her bosom tight about her.

"My grandmother was a singer," she said, "and knew the best principles of her art. She had received them from her teachers, who had known the greatest of the old masters. She kept her voice to a remarkable age. My mother learned from her and taught me. So you see I have had the advantage of the finest method of singing."

Mother continued to stare at the embroidery proudly but uneasily. "Grandmother could trim wonderfully at the age of 70," Mme. Labia went on with a perfectly calm at the reminiscence. "I was a child when she was used to trim to do it. One day when she was a very old lady she suddenly asked me to herself to the piano and undoing the neck of her dress did a wonderful trim such as I could not do to-day. It was extraordinary."

In spite of the look of awful warning on her mother's face Mme. Labia clapped her hands in delight. The horrorstricken expression on the maternal features must have shocked her daughter, who suddenly looked and saw that the wonderful gold embroidery had fallen down to her waist. It had collapsed just as if it had no organic connection with the gown. But there was no horror on the daughter's face when she saw the wreck.

"Now you know why I am in evening dress," she cried, with a burst of laughter, "at 11 o'clock in the morning. Behind that curtain is a dressmaker who was just trying this gown on when you came. It has to be ready for the concert on Sunday and there was no time to put on another. I didn't suppose a man would know what I had on; so the mystery is explained."

There was surely never such a musical family as the Labias since Johnny Morgan and his wife, who were the only true method of voice production was introduced into their infantile walls. They listened in vocalises and the voice came. "You saw my mother sing. She was a soprano and sang all the formid music of her day," Mme. Labia went on after the rebellious gold embroidery had been taken out and pinned up to the wall by a little bit brighter to make up for its absence; "and she learned from some of the most famous Italian teachers of the beginning of the nineteenth half of the century. She was a very good singer, and I was up it was discovered that she had inherited a voice, but it was a contralto. She married early in life and sang only in private. I am now a soprano, and I found that we could sing, it was the voice of grandmothers that had descended to us. We both had soprano voices."

To acquire bel canto is difficult enough, but to inherit it seemed too good a fortune for any singer. Yet Mme. Labia learned it from her mother at home just as much as she learned her education as she learned her letters.

"I did not know just what my voice was going to be," she said, "so I appeared first in concert, singing in Italian and Russian. I learned 'La Traviata,' although I have never sung the opera and my concert repertoire consisted wholly of arias by Donizetti, Rossini and Mozart. I was too uncertain of what my voice would ultimately become to make a debut in opera. But five years ago I accepted an invitation to come to Stockholm to sing in an Italian season after I had finished my concert in Russia. I sang 'Mimi,' my most loved of all parts, which Mr. Hammerstein had bought for me. I sang 'Nedda,' 'Santuzza' and 'Marguerite.' As soon as I began to sing in opera I realized that my voice was going to be dramatic and not a leggiero. Result was, Berlin, learning the German language, Tosca, Carmen, and after all 'Mimi' in 'Tiefland,' a role that I created in Berlin and sang eighty times."

Mme. Labia and 'Tiefland' were inseparable. Berlin and the singer was invited by Mr. Dippel to come here to sing the role in his production of the work, but she had already signed her contract with Mr. Hammerstein.

"Why the most wonderful thing happened the night that 'Tiefland' was given for the first time at the Metropolitan. I was sitting behind the orchestra where I was watching the orchestra and the opera was finished, and they left just as the most interesting part was going on. I suppose that the theatre is so large that they could not appreciate the dramatic side of the work. The large stage had one defect on the performance, which was that the actors were not as lifelike as they should be. There should not be an exaggerated action or gesture in the whole movement, but on such a stage one has to make sweeping gestures to be seen."

"The character may not be sympathetic to a singer, but it is a most interesting study, and I am sure that the audience is fully comprehensible to a Latin woman like myself, who knows the character of the peasants of our country. Of course there could be no interest in 'Mimi' as she loved Sebastian, married Pedro, re-

ceived the visit of Sebastian on her wedding night and then loved Pedro until she was killed. I expect to sing in Hungary some day," she explained under persuasion, "and I never could do that in Hungary. Why, they tell me that Randa in Hungary means some—something perfectly terrible."

She is Ranzenberg again, but as there are few persons about the opera house who understand Hungarian nobody knows just how awful Randa was.

Signor Gatti-Casazza is irreconcilably opposed to the stipulation contained in most of the prima donna's contracts that they shall not be called upon to sing on two successive days nor without a certain interval of time between their appearances. Some of the old contracts are very exacting in this respect, and the new managing director finds that they hamper his work too much.

"Nobody is more considerate of an artist's welfare than I," he explained the other day, "as I know that the excellence of the performances depends on their condition. But I cannot have my hands tied by contracts that I am not free to meet the exigencies of the repertoire in a great theatre like the Metropolitan."

It would be interesting to hear his opinion of the contracts made when prima donnas got the exclusive rights to certain roles and could even stipulate the number of times they were to appear with a certain tenure.

ONE WAY OF GETTING RICH.

Evan Jones Dances Work or He Will Get Too Wealthy.

To find out what opportunity there was in North Dakota for my Man with the Plough and the Kiddies, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, I drove out over the prairie for seven or eight miles around Bismarck and visited a lot of farmhouses. In the course of the exploration I met for luminous example Evan Jones.

Now Evan Jones is not his name; he's a Welshman, a little, sharp eyed Welshman with a brogue which at times is very dense. He is not yet turned 50, and before kind fate brought him to Bottineau he used to work long hours in the slate mines and later on farm lands in the old country and Canada.

On the grass patch which surrounded the tidy brick house he was walking with a big collie dog, looking at the garden, halting now and then in the shade of the big grove which formed a windbreak for the house. His coat and vest were off, for it was hot, and a big straw hat kept the sun off him. There wasn't another soul in sight.

"Are you busy?" "Me? No, I'm not busy. Nobody's busy. It's all over. I'm simply eatin' three meals a day and watchin' wheat go up. I answered with a grin. Wheat was a dollar four and a fraction."

"Then you have some wheat?" "The grain widened. 'Some,' he said, walking toward the farm buildings. Besides the great barn, which was filled with winter fodder, there were perhaps half a dozen smaller structures. Into one of these he led the way, or rather into a wagon house adjoining, where we climbed a narrow stair and looked in upon 12,000 bushels of wheat and more, which he had finished threshing out a week before.

Around the back of the building the land sloped away and left a place where, between the beams that were put up for extra braces to sustain the overloaded floor, wagons could be backed in and filled from a chute whenever Evan Jones needed a little extra money. He had a small elevator of his own, run by cable from an up to date engine in a nearby building. In another red barn were 7,000 bushels of oats.

"I must have cost you some work, such a crop as this." "Again he grinned. 'I don't work,' he said. 'The two boys do the work.' 'All of it?' 'All but the threshing.' 'Then what do you do?' I asked, mindful of some skillful farmers in New Jersey who, aided by patent fertilizers, told twenty hours out of twenty-four in every year in the season of ironing and mending, living from 200 high priced and exhausted acres."

"I go South or somewhere in the winter, and in the summer I go up to Lake Itasca, in the North, to work on a couple of months. I've got a cottage up there. It's the finest place you ever saw."

North Dakota people are very proud of these mountains and this lake. "Do you keep cattle?" "Only about seventy-five head." "How many horses?" "About 1,100 acres." "Were you a farmer before you came here?" "I was a miner, but I've worked on the farm at home."

"It was harder work than this?" "Good God! he ejaculated, and burst into a laugh. 'I never'd do to farm here the way we did over there. If we did, we'd get rich too fast. We never could spend the money.' "That man," said my conductor, as we rode away, "came here less than ten years ago with absolutely nothing. He lived in a sod house, borrowed money to start with, paid it off in no time, and went into debt for more land, a quarter section at a time. He has been offered \$10,000 for this place, and laughed at it. He doesn't owe a dollar, and the farm is paying him thousands every year. He is growing in value. When he gets his price he is ready to sell and quit."

It has rarely happened that a season at the Metropolitan has advanced so far without a performance of "Lohengrin" or "Tannhäuser." The lack of a German tenor is the reason assigned for the delay. "Die Meistersinger" will probably be given with Mr. Martin as *Walther von Stolzing*, as he is now prepared to sing the part. It will be one of the most ambitious of the German productions of the season. It is possible to stage some of the German works that require a tenor who at least sings a little bit. So far the German wing of the company has enjoyed nearly as much success as it did last year, when the majority of its members received their salaries for appearing at the Sunday evening concert.

Jean Noté will be the next singer from the Metropolitan to assume the duties of management. He is to become the impresario of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels when he decides to end his stage career. M. Noté two years ago celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a singer and during that time has never sung in any language but French. At Covent Garden he appeared only in the French repertoire and at other times has been connected only with the opera houses of his native land. There are few French cities in which he has not sung and during his association with the Opéra in Paris he has found time between his performances there to travel to the smaller cities in order to sing his own nights and report the next day for rehearsal.

CHANGES IN THE CHINESE

NEW SOCIAL AND BUSINESS WAYS INTRODUCED.

Mission Schools Crowded—Western Education Sought—Less Trust Put in the Foreigners—Differences in the Social Life of the Empire—Business Methods.

An American missionary in China, Dr. J. B. Fearn, has recently discussed before the Shanghai Missionary Association the changes which are occurring in the Chinese as individuals.

He is quoted in the *Journal of the American Asiatic Association* as saying that all our mission institutes of learning in that country are crowded.

"Ten or twelve years ago," he says, "to get a full school it was necessary to furnish everything free; in some cases even the clothing. Even then the pupils felt as though they were conferring more or less of a favor on the foreign educator by allowing themselves to be taught from Western books."

"How different it is now! Large colleges full of students who gladly pay all their expenses, which in some cases is no small sum, and many perhaps who would be willing to pay twice the amount for what they now realize in their changed mental condition to be true education."

"Go back ten years and call to mind the little group of boys in a small room memorizing the Chinese character with absolutely no idea as to its meaning—that would come later—any lack of zeal in their studies being evinced by a slight limp in the pandemonium, which was immediately corrected by a sharp rap on the table and a fierce glare from the teacher."

"At present there is a trained teacher who in our mission schools at least knows his business. The students are busy with such studies as are claiming the attention of schoolboys in the home land. The room is well kept, well ventilated and the pupils are orderly. A certain amount of military discipline is evident, not to prepare for war, but to teach unity of purpose and action."

"This change has brought new methods of examination for official preferment. The old system, in which the individual Chinese has brought about a change in the entire educational system of this enormous empire."

"When we come to note the change in the social life of the Chinese we do not find such a wide field as in the above, largely due to the fact that their social system satisfies them and is adequate for their purposes. There is more in the manner of giving expression to this side of their nature than any real change in the fibre of their social system."

"They still have their clubs or guilds, where the members meet to discuss their business or engage in some game—usually of chance. In ports they meet around a foreign spread, instead of their native feast, they drink the wine common to foreigners instead of the famous wine of Shaohsing."

"Man and wife are more frequently seen together in public places, though the custom really means that the threads of the wife will be about three feet ahead of her man, with an expression upon his face as though he were doing something wrong and being scolded. In the old days the wife's appearance is quite natural and in many cases the man is quite attentive."

"Another example of the change going on, according to Dr. Fearn, is the desire on the part of many quarters for a new marriage ceremony. 'Years ago,' he says, 'it was difficult to get even our converts to use the church form.' Now the mission is asked by them no longer to officiate and find 'that they are largely using a modified form of our Christian ceremony. We note a change also in their funeral offerings, where flowers are used instead of incense."

"In their business methods also Dr. Fearn sees indications of progress. Does the sign seen so often in shops, 'Tung pu' or 'Kien' mean 'open' or 'close' or 'reduction in price'?" he asks. "Ten years ago there was only one shop in the Queen Zien in Soochow which displayed this sign to indicate their change from the old method of doing business with the expectation of being beaten down. Now the sign is quite common."

"In their relation to foreigners we can each give personal testimony of a change which has come over the individual and we can all note how this has affected the entire nation. A desire to do for themselves the things which we have done for them no longer forms the pivot upon which they have turned."

"Ten or fifteen years ago the foreigner did everything for the Chinese—drilled their troops, conducted their schools and in many other ways showed the Chinese how the thing should be done. A few years ago they grew restive under this and began to look about for themselves."

"In many cases they endeavored to do what was entirely beyond them, and not infrequently when they met defeat they refused to admit their inability but, to save face, persisted in their efforts to stand alone, and—inconsequently enough—felt a jealousy toward the foreigners who were so much more successful in their efforts."

"Many of us can well remember the time when the fact that a man was a foreigner was ample proof to the Chinese of integrity and uprightness. This is no longer the case. Many of our acquaintances that there were wicked foreigners as well as wicked Chinese."

"It is the rude awakening from this dream which is mostly responsible for the changed attitude on the part of a large number of Chinese. In former days they trusted every foreigner; now they go around with a wary, hard unlooked upon with distrust."

THE OLDEST VIOLIN HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE "GEMÜNDER ART" VIOLINS.

Supplies Everything in the Violin Line

The Standard of the World
ESTABLISHED 1846

All kinds of Violins for all kinds of players. Old or new, melodic, powerful and responsive. The best that money can buy. The famous "Excelsior" Violins at \$60.00 and "Concert" at \$100.00. Sell every time they are tested. Best Value for the money. The finest of strings for solo or orchestra. Repairing, tone improving, and the finest of old Violins. Specialty. Terms reasonable. Violins sent for examination and trial.

Our catalogue No. 14, General Merchandise, Violins, and other musical instruments, with portraits of famous Artists: No. 14, Real Old Violins and Bows, all sent free on request.

How to have the use of a Violin free. Particulars on request.

THE OLDEST AMERICAN FIDDLER WHO IS HE?

AUGUST GEMÜNDER & SONS

Also Publishers of The Violin World, a Monthly, 50c. Per Year

42 EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET - NEW YORK.

All violinists are cordially invited to examine our collection of violins and bows.